

GOLD



KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

15c

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

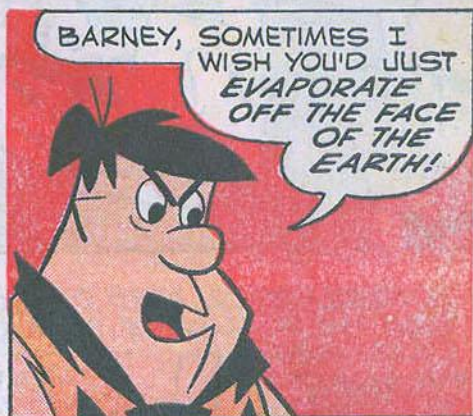
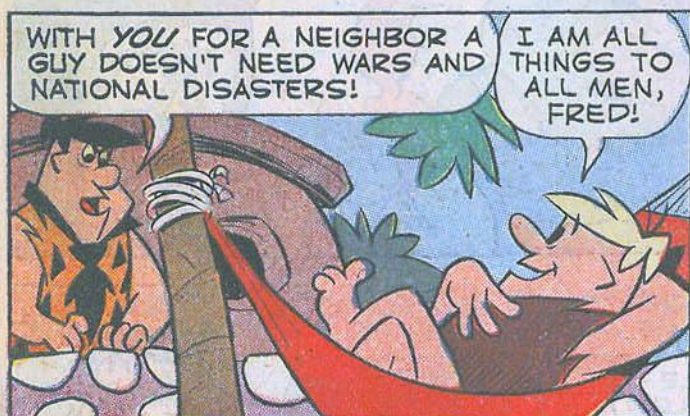
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Hanna-Barbera | **THE FLINTSTONES** *STONEAGE DROP-OUTS*



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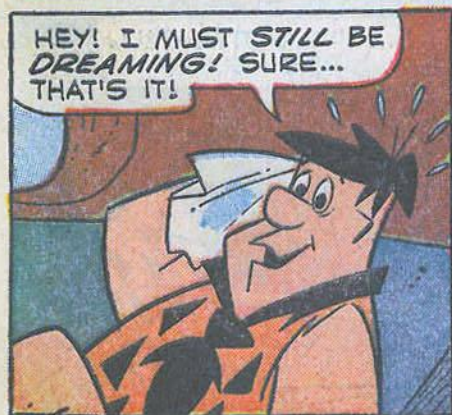
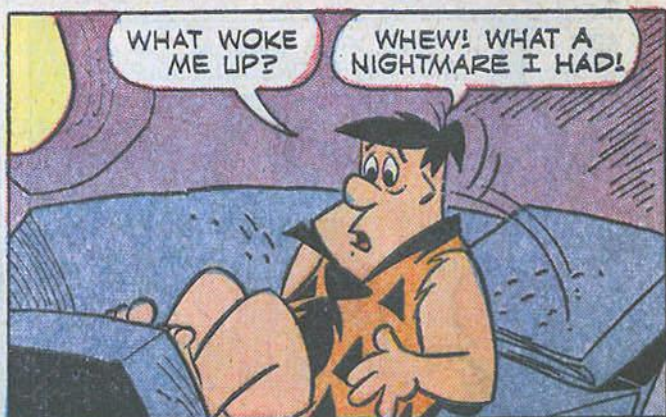
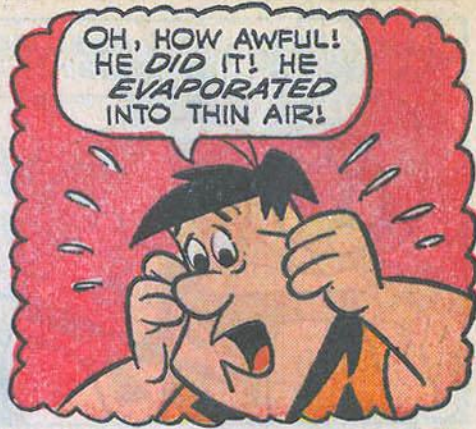


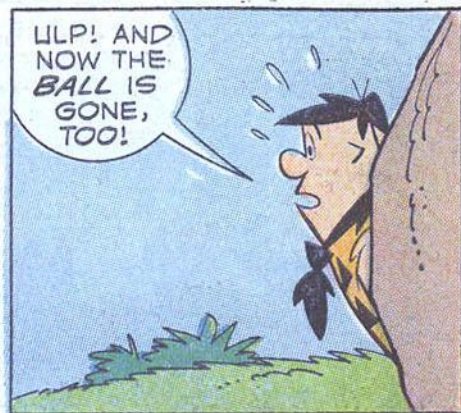
UNFORTUNATELY, FRED DRIFTS OFF TO
SLEEP WITH BARNEY'S YARD AS HIS LAST
VISUAL IMAGE!



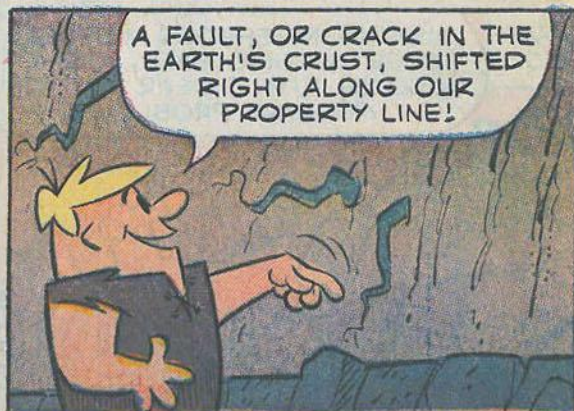
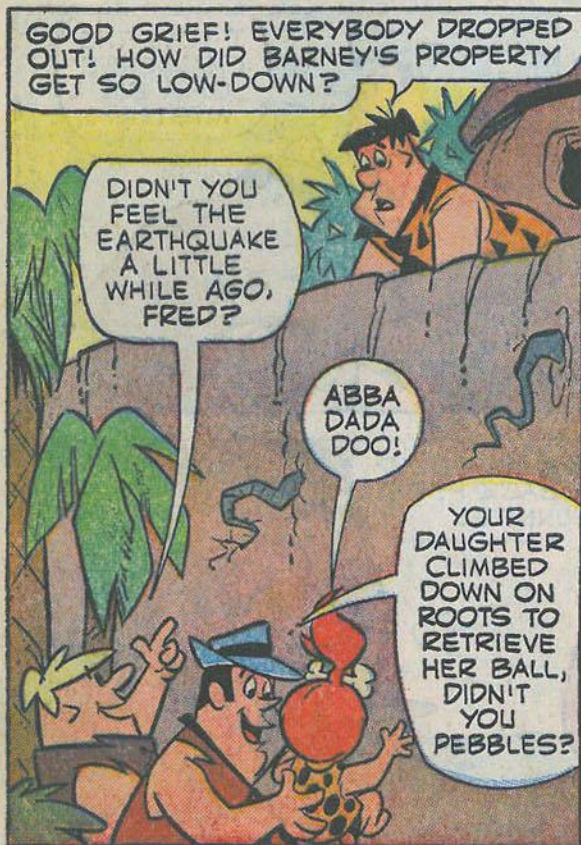
AND SO HE
DREAMS...

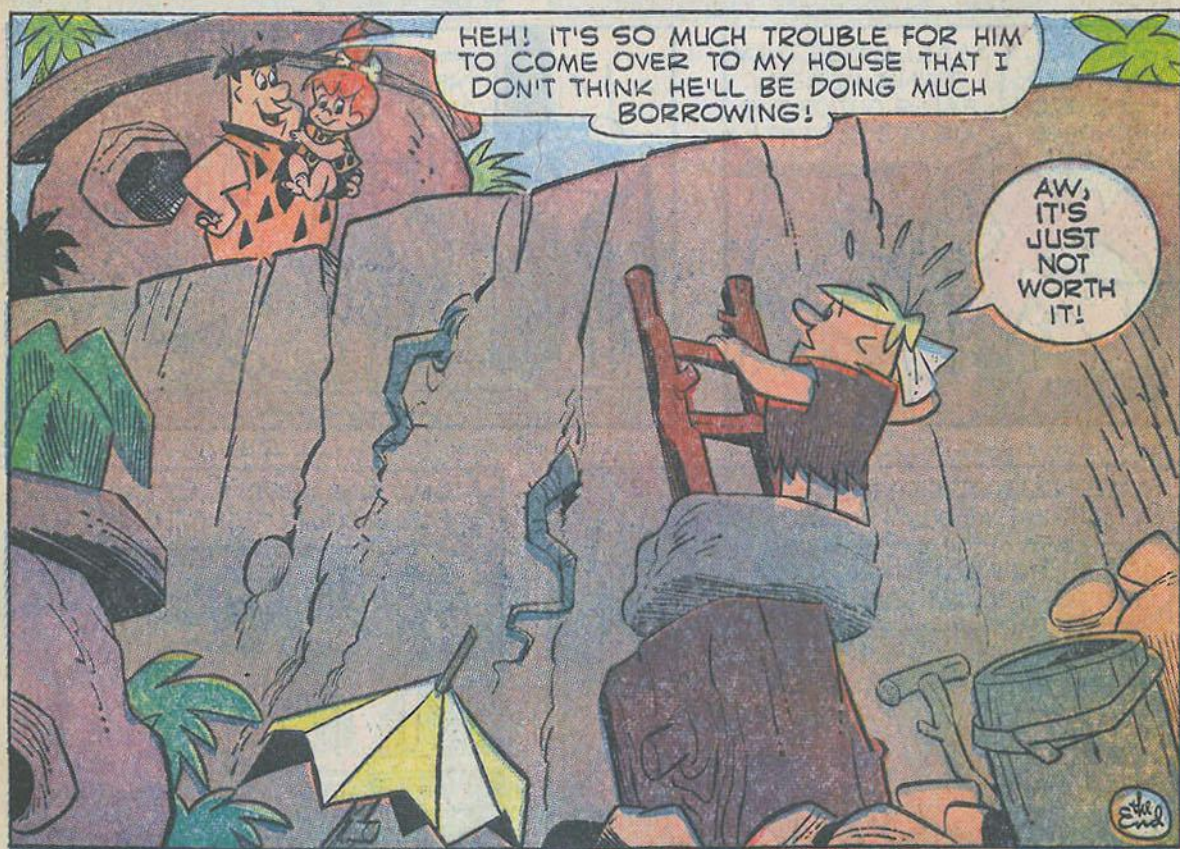








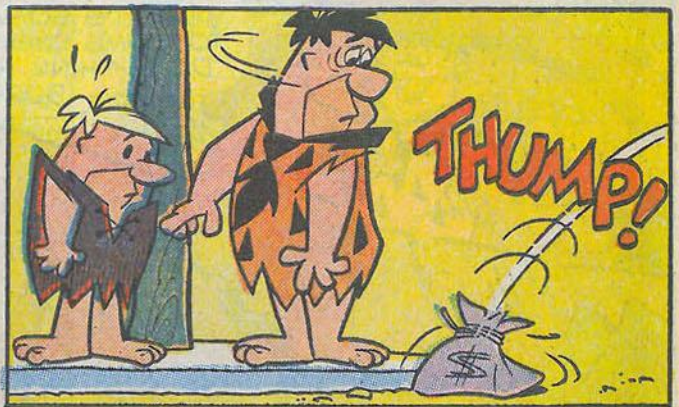


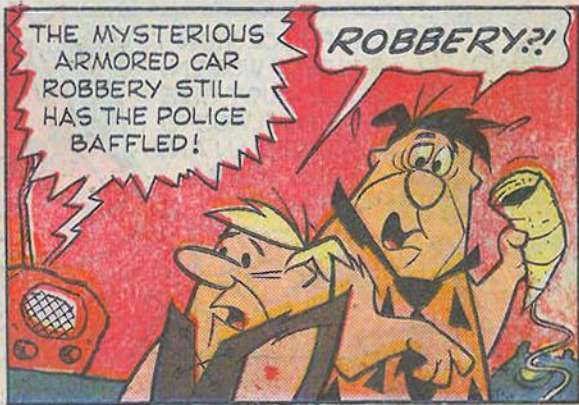
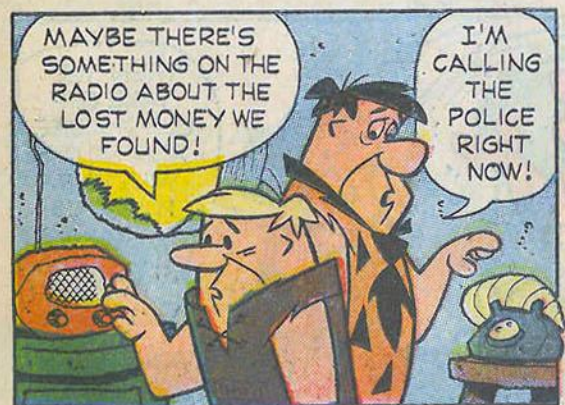
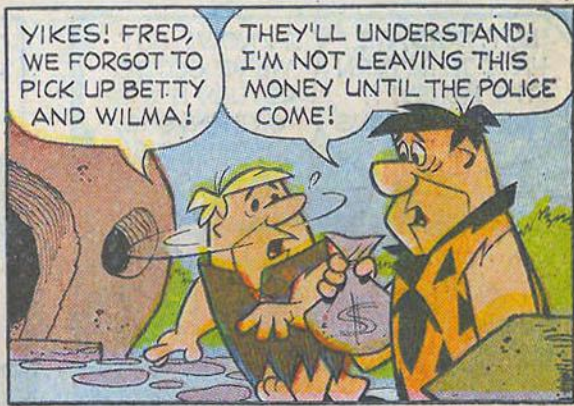
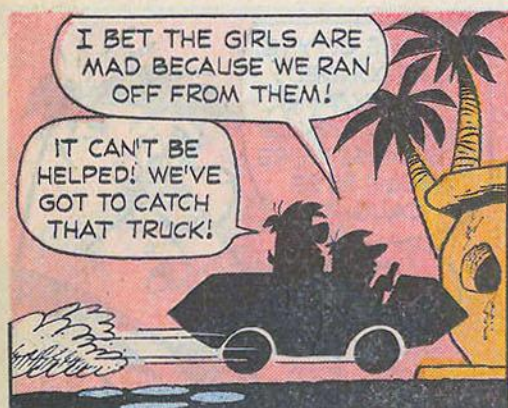


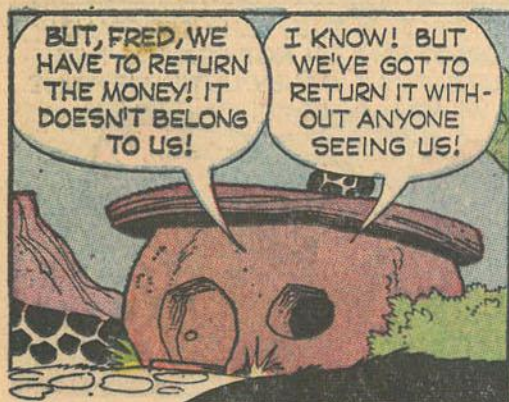
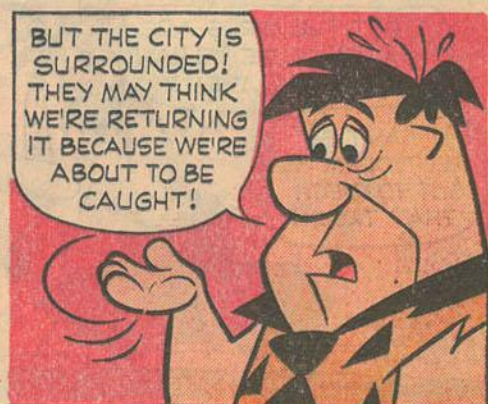
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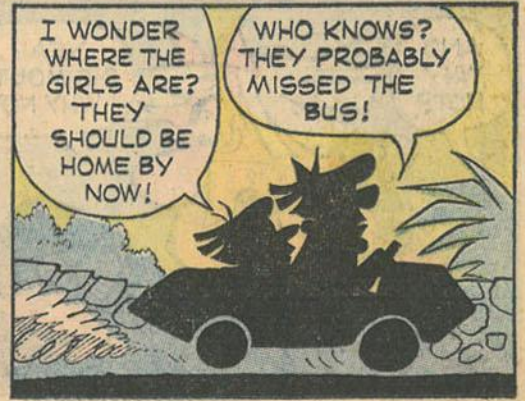
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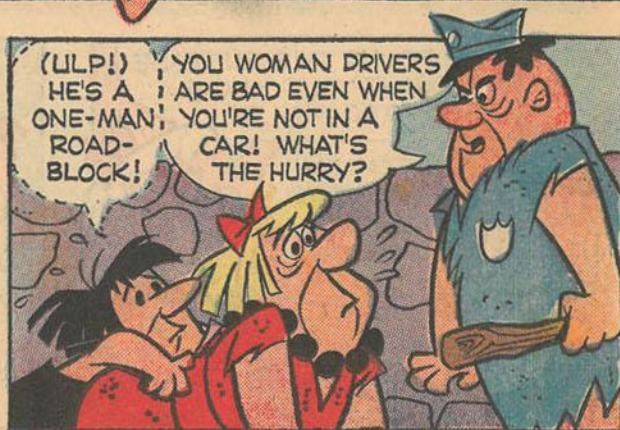
MONEY MATTERS...A LOT

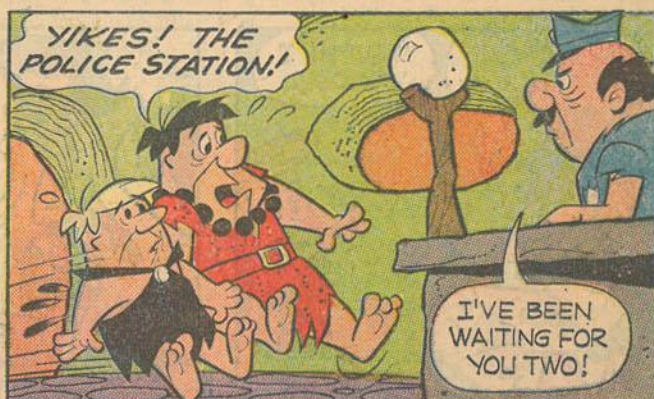
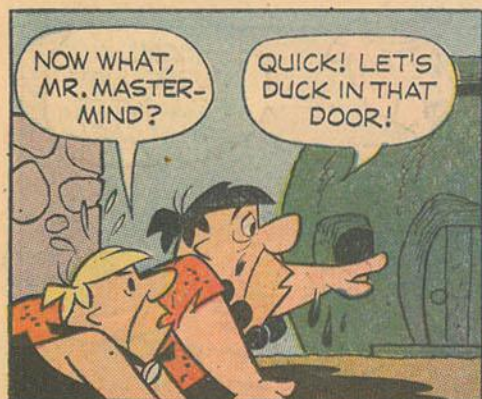


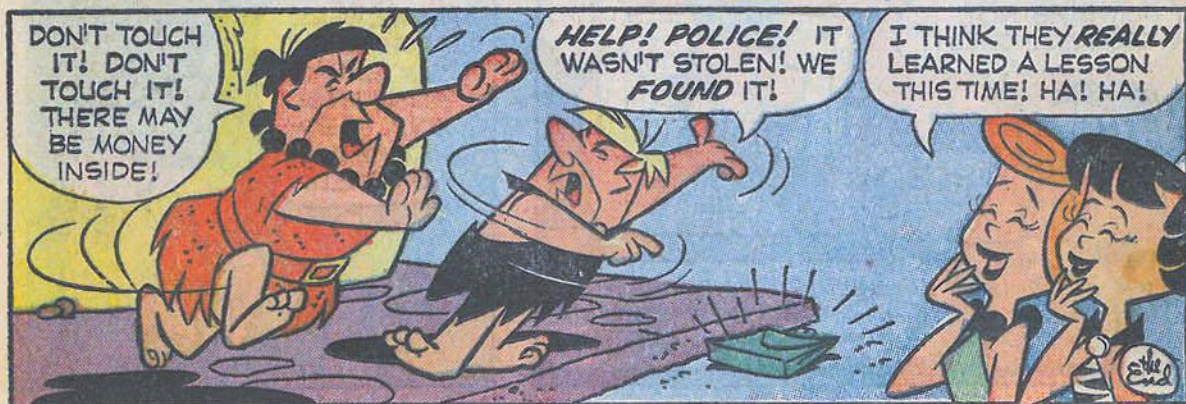
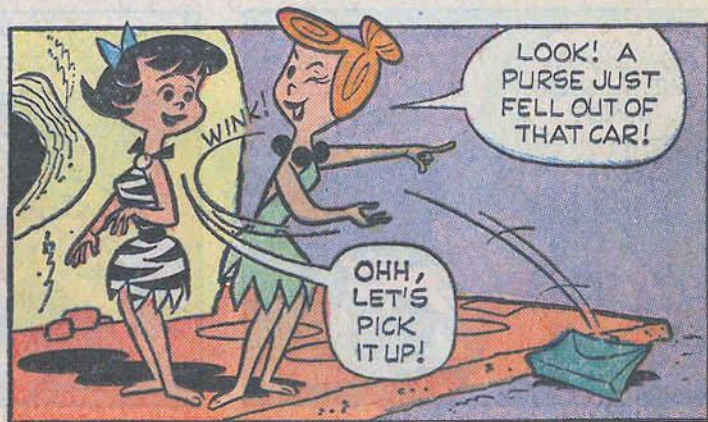














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SPEED MONSTER

Speeds over anything in his way.

Phil Jingoian
Schoolcraft, Michigan



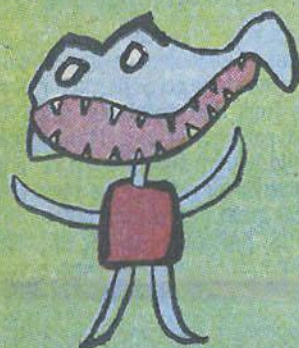
CANDLE MONSTER

Blows out candles.

Vicki Sharp
Princeton, Kentucky



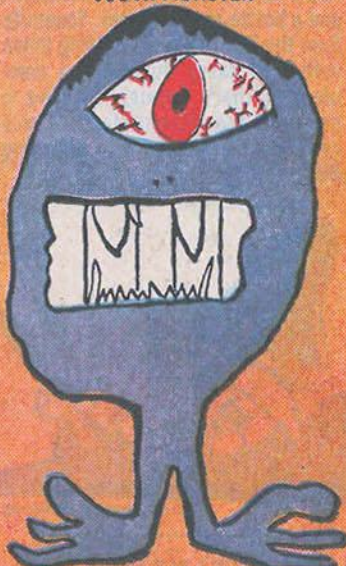
FISH MAN



Likes to eat fish but doesn't like fish to eat him.

Loren Brown
Eureka, California

TOOTH MONSTER



Instead of brushing his teeth, he eats the toothbrush.

Dan Hultquist
Longview, Washington

BAT MONSTER



Hits a home run every time.

Sam Seastone
Potomac, Maryland

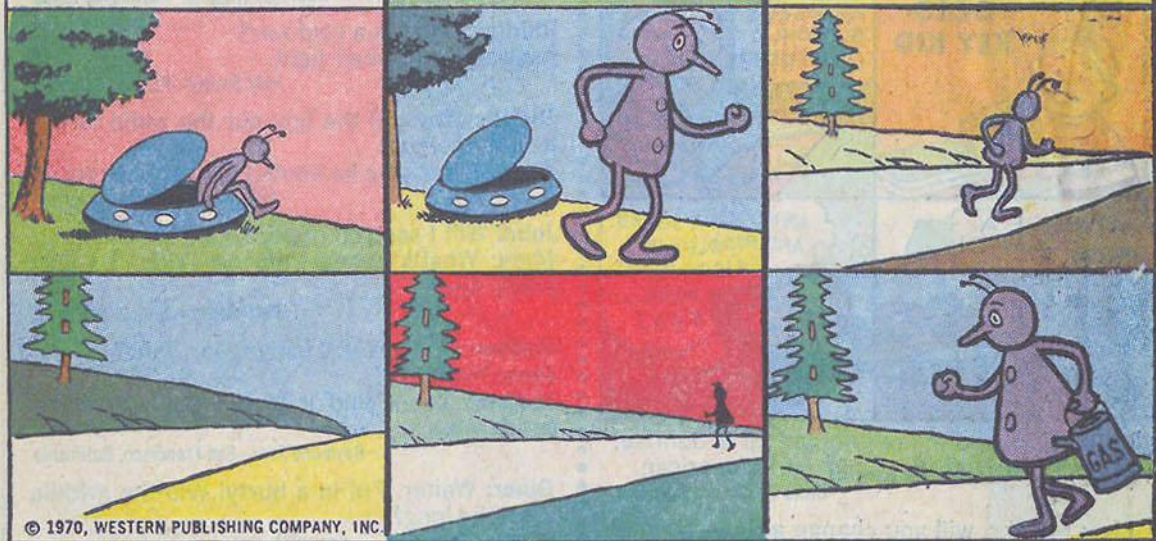
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JOKES ON YOU



Riddle: Why did the pilgrim get up at sunrise?
Answer: Because he was an early American.

Billie Smith—Mexico, Texas

Lisa: Mother, will you change a dime for me?

Mother: Of course.

Lisa: Then change it into a quarter.

Sue Andrews—Adana, Turkey

Riddle: What vegetable do you find in crowded streetcars and buses?

Answer: Squash.

Debbie Jones—Willowick, Ohio

Son: Dad, can you write in the dark?

Dad: Yes — why?

Son: Then turn off the light and sign my report card.

Charles Capuccio—New York, New York

Riddle: What do girl ghosts put in their hair?

Answer: Booboo pins.

William E. Moore—Northport, Alabama

Riddle: Which is the left side of an apple pie?

Answer: The part that has not been eaten.

Margie Walz—Opa Locka, Florida

Riddle: What did the fire say when it melted the candle?

Answer: Excuse me, I'm a little overheated.

Jean Drake—Las Vegas, Nevada

Riddle: What's a cross between a dog and a chicken?

Answer: A poached egg.

Brenda Eatman—Cleveland, Ohio

Karen: Why are you running so fast?

Teresa: Because I don't know how to run slow.

Karen L. Paul—Banning, California

Jimmy: Did you hear about the hen that swallowed the yo-yo?

Jack: What happened?

Jimmy: She laid the same egg three times.

Ruth Ann Wiggins—Harlingen, Texas

Riddles: What is a cold war?

Answer: A snowball fight.

Jody Swartz—Pueblo, Colorado

Riddle: Why did the boy put the radio in the jack-in-the-box?

Answer: Because he wanted to hear pop music.

Mike Roam—Denver, Colorado

John: Will I see you pretty soon?

Mary: What's wrong with me — don't I look pretty now?

Patti Brown—Honolulu, Hawaii

Mother: What are you looking for, Jane?

Jane: Nothing.

Mother: You'll find it in the box where the candy was.

Raymond Tom—San Francisco, California

Diner: Waiter, I'm in a hurry! Will the griddle cakes be long?

Waiter: No, sir — round!

Judy Wilner—Long Island City, New York

Riddle: Why does lightning shock people?

Answer: Because it doesn't know how to conduct itself.

Linda Hickey—Chicago, Illinois

Riddle: What is the end of everything?

Answer: The letter g.

Garnee Myhre—Baker, Montana

Tom: Did you hear the rope joke?

Dick: No.

Tom: Skip it.

Mark Kosminskas—Chicago, Illinois

Riddle: Where is a sick boat brought?

Answer: To the dock (doc).

Leean Auger—Manchester, New Hampshire

Will: Why do you comb your hair before you go to bed?

Phil: To make a good impression on the pillow.

Gerald Watkins—Danville, Kentucky

Customer: Can I put this wallpaper on myself?

Salesman: Certainly, but it would look better on the wall.

Joan Williams—N. Abington, Massachusetts

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Hanna-Barbara MR. & MRS. J. EVIL SCIENTIST

A VISIT FROM GRANNY





LATER THAT NIGHT AT DINNER...







GETTING the BUSINESS



Perry Gunnite was bored. "What a dull day!" he yawned. "No mysteries to unravel . . . no crimes to solve! Not even a teensy problem to unproblem!"

Perry, you see, is a Private Detective, or Private Investigator, otherwise known as a Private Eye . . . well, let's face it . . . he's just a Plain Snooper.

Anyway, the snoop . . . er, investigating business was slow. For some reason, nobody had any problems. Or at least, if they did, they weren't calling Perry for help.

Indeed, there was a half-inch of dust on the telephone. As Perry gloomily dusted it off, he got an idea. "Why should I wait for people to call me?" he thought. "I'll go and look for business myself!"

So, he locked his office and started down the street. It wasn't long before he met a little girl who was crying loudly.

"What's the matter?" asked Perry.

"My dime! It's gone!" she sobbed.

"You mean someone stole it?" asked Perry hopefully. Even though it looked like a rather small case to work on, it seemed better than nothing.

"Oh, no!" the girl replied. "I dropped it down that drain in the street! And I was supposed to buy a doughnut for my daddy! He'll be very angry if I've lost it!"

"The drain . . . hmmm," Perry said, looking at the heavy iron grating which had to be lifted up in order to get at things — like dimes — which might have fallen through.

He peered down through the grating, but he couldn't see the dime. There was a pool of water at the bottom, left over from a recent rain. In all probability, the dime was down there under the water.

Always willing to help a lady in distress, Perry reassured her. "Don't worry," he said. "I'll get your dime in a jiffy!" Grasping the heavy grating, with many a grunt, groan and puff, he managed to lift it up so he could crawl down underneath. But as he got ready to lower himself, his foot slipped on the edge and he fell into the water below, making a huge splash! Luckily, it wasn't very deep, but as he crawled out dripping wet, he wasn't in any mood to go down again in search of a dime!

"Did you find my money?" the girl asked.

"No, I'm sorry," replied Perry, wiping the water from his face.

"But what on earth will I tell my daddy?" cried the little girl.

If there is anything Perry can't stand, it's a girl crying. "Don't worry," he replied, "I have the answer!" With that, he dug into his own pocket, pulled out a dime, and gave it to the little girl.

"Oh, thank you, mister!" she said, as she took the dime and ran off.

"AHCHOO!" said Perry. He had meant to say, "You're welcome!" but his feet were soaking wet, and he was well on the way to catching a cold.

Perry stood for a moment, watching the happy girl run down the street. Then he turned with a sniffle and walked back to his office. When he entered, the phone was ringing, but he just let it ring. It was probably someone with a job for him, but he'd had enough for one day.

"AHCHOO!" he sneezed. "Just a few minutes ago I was bored, and looking for a job. But instead of catching a criminal, all I caught was a cold, and it cost me a hard-earned dime to boot!" he grumbled. "Some days it doesn't even pay to try!"



THE FLINTSTONES



THE FLINTSTONES



THE FLINTSTONES



THE FLINTSTONES



Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES

FRED'S SECOND CHILDHOOD

WILMA! HOW
COULD YOU?

GIVE TO
DADDY,
PEBBLES!

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GOO!
GOO!

RATTLE!
RATTLE!



FRED
FLINTSTONE,
YOU SCARED
ME TO PIECES!
WHAT IS IT?

THIS!



HOW COULD YOU
ALLOW OUR CHILD
TO PLAY WITH SUCH
A DANGEROUS
WEAPON?

DANGEROUS?



YES, DANGEROUS!
WHY, SHE COULD
HIT HERSELF ON
THE HEAD!

OH, HONESTLY!

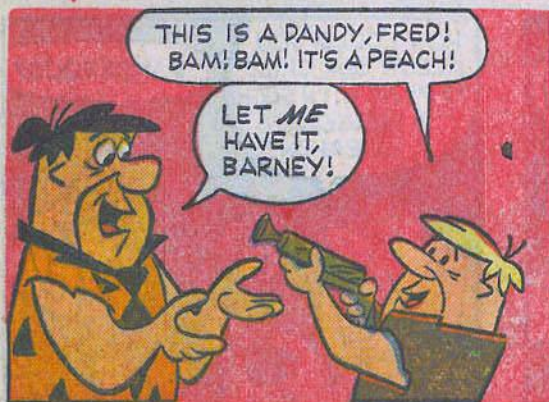
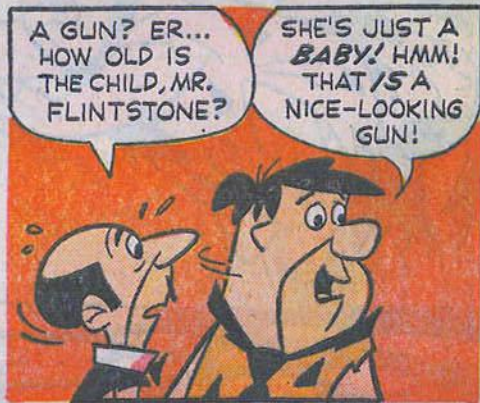


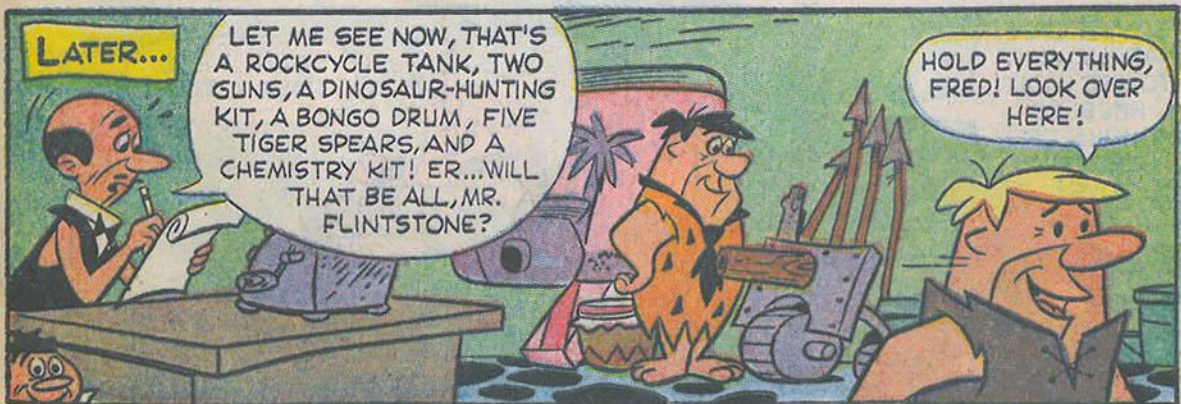
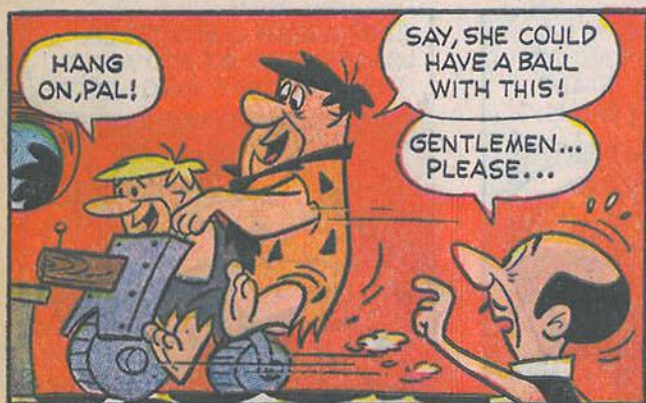
SOON...

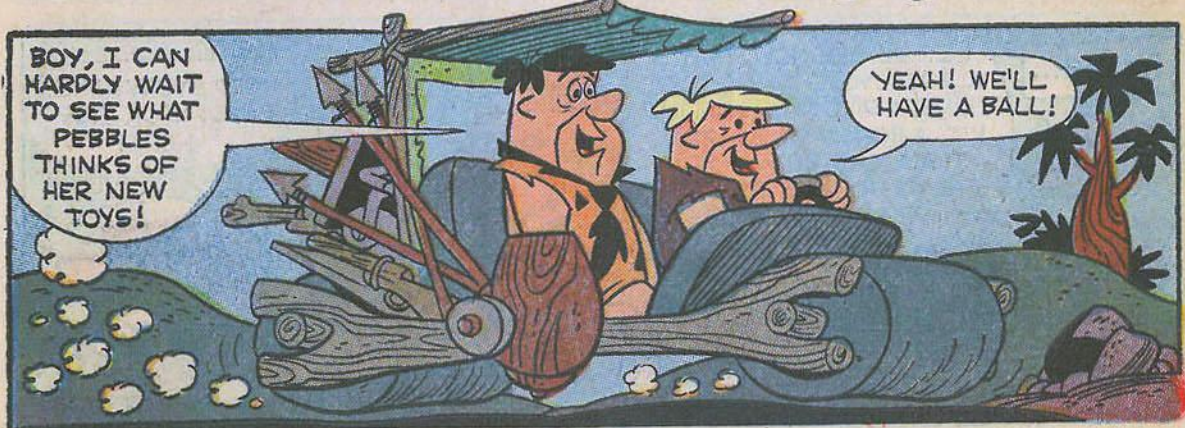
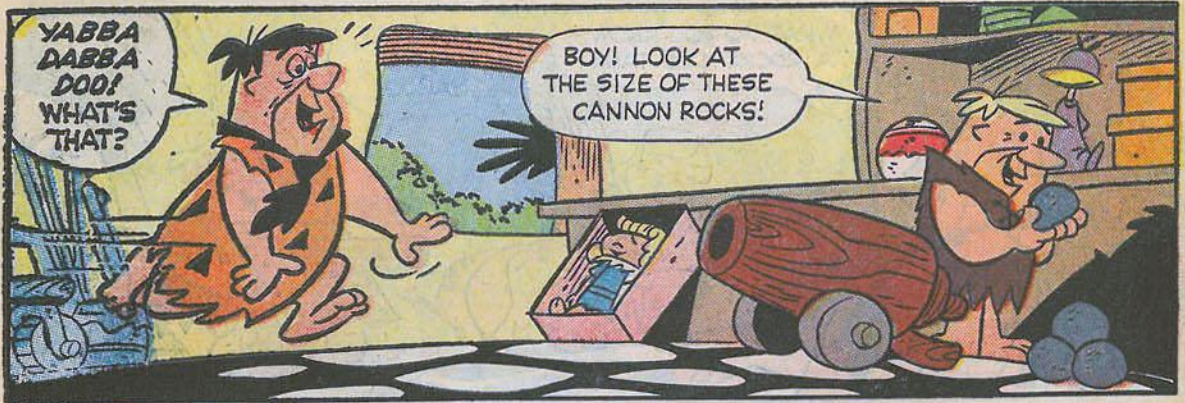
I TELL YOU, BARNEY, FATHERS
CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL WHAT
THEY ALLOW THEIR CHILDREN
TO PLAY WITH! I'M GOING TO
THE TOY STORE TO PICK OUT
SOME SAFE TOYS!

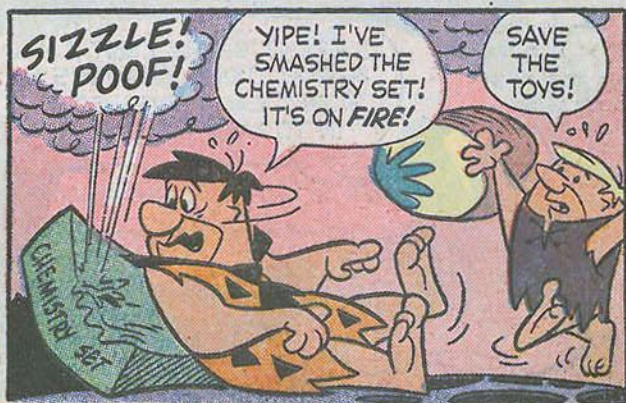
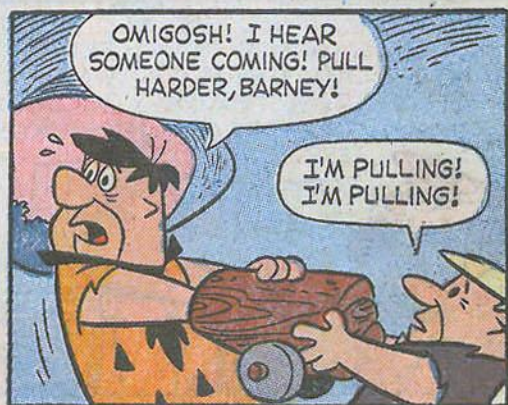
SOUNDS LIKE
FUN! I'LL
JOIN YOU!

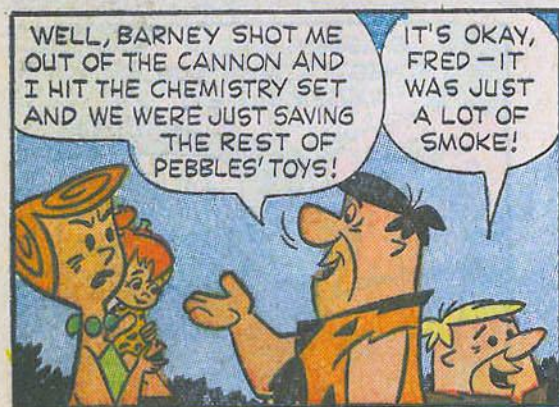














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Letter G

Holly Munter
Jericho, New York



Letter W

David Cairns
Toronto, Ontario, Canada



Number 9

Steve Wendelken
Cincinnati, Ohio



Letter Y

Karen Abele
Ridgewood, New York



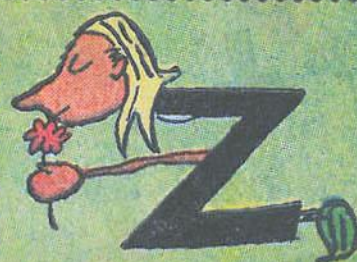
Letter M

Pamela Boyer
Honolulu, Hawaii



Numbers 3, 5

Jean Turner
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada



Letter Z

Melvin Petty
Jamaica, New York



Letter B

Mike Heaton
Moscow Lake, Washington



Letter q

Margaret Walton
Salem, Virginia

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